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CENTENNIAL

NATIONAL SONGS

AND

ANTHEMS;

OR,

A Song Book for the Fourth of July, 1876.

To the People of the United States, and to the Heroes who fought for Columbia's Independence, and those who, by their acts as Statesmen or Warriors, have, for a hundred years, sustained her flag and upheld her honor, this is respectfully dedicated by the Author.

COMPOSED AND WRITTEN BY

WM. P. MOONE,

Near Gahanna, Franklin Co., O.

MAY 25, 1876.

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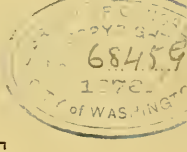

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PREFACE.

In offering this little book of Songs and Anthems, it is hardly necessary for me to say that it is my first attempt to cater to the public taste in a matter of this kind, or any other, as I am entirely unknown to the reading public. I feel it a duty to state in this short preface that I have used two lines in this book which are borrowed from other authors, viz.:

"'Tis done, the great transaction 's done:"

and the other is one of Bayard Taylor's lines, which reads,

"And crown her Queen of a thousand years."

Hoping my little work will meet with that success which my friends believe it merits, I subscribe myself,

Very respectfully yours,

WM. P. MOONE,

Author and Publisher.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

In Philadelphia city met,
A hundred years ago,
The sires of Columbia,
To let the nations know
That they their daughter up would set,
In business for herself,
And lay her British rulers high
And dry upon the shelf.

And soon their declaration
They sent to all the world,
And on the seas to ev'ry breeze
Columbia's flag unfurl'd.

The bells a merry peal rang out,
A hundred years ago,
And all the people rais'd a shout
To let the nations know
Columbia had determined to
Do business for herself,
And lay her British rulers high
And dry upon the shelf.

And then her glorious banner, she
Flung out upon the breeze,
And soon the banner of the free
Was carried o'er the seas.

It made Great Britain's lion roar,
A hundred years ago,
When Columbia rose and swore.
She'd let the nations know,
That now she had determined to
Do business for herself,
She'd lay her British rulers high
And dry upon the shelf.

And then her glorious banner, she
Flung out upon the breeze,
And soon the banner of the free
Was carried o'er the seas.

O'er land and sea her banner wav'd,
A hundred years ago;
The battle and the breeze it brav'd,
In spite of ev'ry foe.
And now a hundred years have gone,
The banner of the free,
To ev'ry passing breeze is flung;
It waves o'er ev'ry sea.

A hundred years that flag has brav'd,
The battle and the breeze:
A hundred years that flag has wav'd,
Wherever roll the seas.

PART II.

King George the Third, Great Britain's King,
A hundred years ago,
Did fume and fret, and swear he'd bring
The Yankee nation low;

And o'er the seas, in many a ship,
His armies he did send—
Columbia's raw recruits to whip,
Their manners for to mend.
Little thought they, the men who came,
And those who sent them out,
Columbia would their ardor tame,
And put them all to rout.

Without a doubt, they little thought,
A hundred years ago,
The men, on either side who fought,
We'd have so fine a show,
As on this glad Centennial day,
The nations all can see.
And over all triumphant waves,
The banner of the free.
In spite of ev'ry haughty foe,
Who sought to cut it down,
That flag has wav'd a hundred years,
And won a bright renown.

Columbia, thou wast in thy youth
A hundred years ago.
It scarcely sounds like honest truth,
So fastly thou dost grow.
Such noble triumphs have been thine,
Within a hundred years,
That nations come from ev'ry clime,
To crown thee with their cheers.
Britannia too, sends greeting,
From out her sea girt isles,
With all the nations meeting,
In friendship on thee smiles.

For thou the approbation,
Columbia, hast won
Of ev'ry kindred nation,
That dwells beneath the sun.
And we pray God, in the future,
Thy motto e'er may be,
Onward and upward ever, till
All people shall be free.
And in one glorious union
The nations shall unite,
Enjoying sweet communion,
And glory in the right.

COLUMBIA, LAND OF THE FREE.

Columbia, land of the free,
Home of the noble braves,
Who swore a hundred years ago
They'd be no longer slaves.
A hundred years ago,
They rose up in their might,
To perish by the foe,
Or triumph in the right.

Columbia, land of the free,
In spite of scoffer's sneers,
Thou hast maintained thy liberty,
And liv'd a hundred years.
A hundred years have pass'd,
By thee improv'd so well,
That all the nations haste
Thy children's cheers to swell.

Columbia, bid thy children raise
Their voices high to-day,
Deeds of their noble sires to praise,
Who long have pass'd away
From earth to homes above,
In realms of endless light,
Where all is peace and love,
And foes with foes unite.

Columbia, bid thy children raise
Their voices high to-day,
The great preserving power to praise;
And pray Him speed the day
When earth, like Heaven above,
Shall be from error free,
And rul'd by eternal love
All shall united be.

Then nations shall no longer learn
The cruel art of war,
Nor shall mankind with envy burn
Each other's works to mar;
But all shall dwell in peace,
Like that in Heaven above,
From earth all wars shall cease—
Hate be destroy'd by love.

Oh! haste the time, Oh, Lord,
The nations all unite;
Control them by thy word, and bid
The might be with the right.
We praise thee, Lord, to-day,
For all thy mercies past,
And for Columbia pray;
Lord, keep her still steadfast.

May she a model be, we pray,
Throughout all coming time,
To lead the nations up till they
Perfections heights shall climb.
To this end, Lord, create
A fire that shall consume
Corruption in each State,
Oblivion be its tomb.

Then shall Columbia rise and shine,
A light to ev'ry nation;
Nor shall she through all coming time,
Know want or desolation.
Her people all shall be
With peace and plenty crown'd,
Nor want or misery
In all her land be found.

COLUMBIA, THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.

Ring out! ye merry bells, ring out!
For joy let all the people shout,
A hundred years have pass'd away
Since Columbia's natal day;
A hundred years with dangers rife
Tenaciously she's clung to life;
A hundred years ago to-day
She rous'd her for the coming fray.
In spite of tyrant's scoffs and sneers,
She has survived a hundred years;
Without a rival now she stands
A beacon light to other lands.

Columbia's foes, where are they now?
They'vd died, or changed their minds, I trow;
And now in her centennial year,
All nations come to swell the cheer.
(Her sons and daughters meet to raise
Her many glorious deeds to praise);
They come with trophies to adorn
The brow of her they once did scorn.
In spite of tyrant's scoffs and sneers,
She has surviv'd a hundred years;
Without a rival now she stands
A beacon light to other lands.

They come from every land on earth
To celebrate Columbia's birth,
From north and south, from east and west,
Upon her hallow'd soil to rest;
To glory in her growing fame,
And add new lustre to her name;
To help to swell her nation's cheers,
And crown her Queen of a hundred years.
In spite of tyrant's scoffs and sneers,
She has surviv'd a hundred years;
Without a rival now she stands
A beacon light to other lands.

Oh shout, ye people, shout for joy,
Let Freedom's praise your pow'rs employ,
For Freedom's spirit 'tis that 's borne
Columbia safe through ev'ry storm.
Right nobly has she held her course,
Borne onward with resistless force
Of Freedom's mighty spirit, till
Her glorious fame the world doth fill.

In spite of tyrant's scoffs and sneers,
She shall survive a thousand years:
Without a rival now she stands
A beacon light to other lands.

THE GREAT CENTENNIAL ANTHEM.

'T is done; the great transaction 's done;
The battles have been fought and won.
Columbia's triumph is complete:
To honor her the nations meet:
They come her brow to crown,
And add to her renown;
To listen to her story,
And in her fame to glory;
To help to swell her nation's cheers,
And crown her Queen of a hundred years.

Awake! awake! the glorious song,
And let its echoes roll abong;
O'er ev'ry land, o'er ev'ry sea,
Ring out the triumphs of the free.
Let ocean unto ocean roar,
Their praises sound on ev'ry shore,
Bid the nations all rejoice,
With cheerful heart and voice,
To swell Columbia's children's cheers,
And crown her Queen of a hundred years.

Triumphant now her banner waves.
Thank God! no longer over slaves;
But proudly now, o'er land and sea,
It waves, just emblem of the free.
The vict'ry is, indeed, complete,
And proudly now the nations meet
Upon her soil, to share her glory,
Spread abroad her wondrous story;
Their voices add to swell her cheers,
And crown her Queen of a hundred years.

Triumphant since, her banner waves.
Thank God! no longer over slaves.
Since her triumph is complete,
Proudly all the nations meet,
To honor her for her success,
And glory in her righteousness.
God grant her grace, we pray,
That she may, day by day,
Onward and upward her course pursue,
To Freedom, Truth and Justice true.

COLUMBIA'S SONG OF TRIUMPH, FOR 1876.

Awake! awake! to-day, the song:
Let music roll in waves along,
From Maine to California's coast,
Awaken Freedom's mighty host.
Let all in retrospection view
The scenes Columbia has passed through;
Behold the victories she has won
In the century now just done.

CHORUS—To-day let Freedom's song arise
In triumph upward to the skies.

Awake, to-day, sweet freedom's song,
Let music sweet be borne along
Upon the wings of every breeze
That sweeps across the inland seas
Of fair Columbia's broad domain.
From mountain, valley, hill and plain,
Let freedom's song of triumph rise,
In grandeur swelling to the skies.

CHORUS—To-day let Freedom's song arise
In triumph upward to the skies.

From every stream or brooklet flowing,
Past fields where grass or grain is growing,
Where forest wave and flowers bloom,
And fill the air with sweet perfume;
Where grows the cottonwood and pine,
Where delves the miner in the mine;
From all let Freedom's song arise,
As grateful incense, to the skies.

CHORUS—To-day let Freedom's song arise
In triumph upward to the skies.

Where rolls her commerce to the seas,
Borne by the force of steam or breeze;
Where in her shops, or on her soil,
Her sons and daughters daily toil,
Within Columbia's broad domain.
From all these, let the glad refrain
Of freedom's joyous song ring out;
For joy let all the people shout.

CHORUS—To-day let Freedom's song arise
In triumph upward to the skies.

Where swiftly speeds along the track,
The iron horse, from out whose stack
The smoke and soot streams on the air,
Let Freedom's song wake echo there.
Where grows the orange and the lime,
Columbia, in thy southern clime,
God grant they, too, learn Freedom's song,
And help the right to conquer wrong.
CHORUS—From all let Freedom's song arise,
To-day, in triumph to the skies.

Let North and South their voices blend;
To-day let all our bickerings end,
And all who breathe, in all thy lands,
Be bound in friendship's holy bands.
Let love thy people all unite—
Columbia to sustain the right—
Then in a hundred years from now,
There'll be more cause for joy, we trow.
CHORUS—And Freedom's joyous song shall rise
From all the world to blending skies.

THE GREAT CENTENNIAL SHOW.

Oh, is n't this a grand affair,
This great Centennial Show
They have at Philadelphia,
Where all the nations go?
From England, France and Germany,
From Italy and Spain,
They come to Philadelphia,
Across the wat'ry main,

CHORUS—With us to sing Columbia's praise,
And wonder at her story,
And pray, through all her coming days,
She may increase in glory.

From Russia, too, and Austria,
From Sweden and Denmark,
They come to see Columbia,
Her vast improvements mark.
From Egypt, too, in Africa,
From China and Japan,
From Greece they come, and Turkey,
And far off Hindoostan,

CHORUS—With us to sing Columbia's praise,
And wonder at her story,
And pray, through all her coming days,
She may increase in glory.

In fact, from all the world
This year the nations come;
Their flags are all unfurl'd
Within Columbia's home.
From all the islands of the seas
To Philadelphia they,
Borne thitherward by steam and breeze,
This year have made their way,

CHORUS—With us to sing Columbia's praise,
And wonder at her story,
And pray, through all her coming days
She may increase in glory.

Oh, what would our forefathers say,
And our foremothers, too,
If they could only go this day
The wondrous show to view.
They 'd scarcely know Columbia,
With all her modern styles,
Her railroads and telegraphs,
So many thousand miles.

CHORUS—But they would shout, and sing her praise,
And wonder at her story,
And pray God, through all coming days,
To still increase her glory.

Perhaps they 'd wonder some to see
The banners of the world,
All gathered there upon this day,
In Friendship's cause unfurl'd.
They might be puzzled some to hear
The various nations talk,
As, up and down each thoroughfare,
With varied grace, they walk.

CHORUS—But they would sing Columbia's praise,
And triumph in her story,
And pray God, through all coming days,
To still increase her glory.

Say, shall we show less zeal than they
Would show if they were here?
Upon this glad Centennial day
Let none forbear to cheer,

And glory that a hundred years
Have pass'd in safety now,
And all the nations come, with cheers,
To crown Columbia's brow.

CHORUS—Then let all join to sing her praise,
And triumph in her story,
And pray God, through all coming days
To still increase her glory.

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